

THE OUTLAW
AND OTHER POEMS

ALANSON L. BUCK

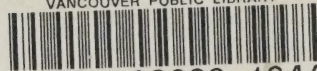
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THE OUTLAW, AND OTHER POEMS


BY
ALANSON L. BUCK

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1913

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TO

M. J. B.



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The Outlaw, and Other Poems

A WISH

Give me, O God, to paint the things
Inspired in my breast,
When my rapt soul with fervor rings,
That I may be at rest;

I cannot quite conceal my mind,
I cannot telling words just find.

I ask unselfishly the light,
A steward yet to be,
To render right within Thy sight
The knowledge given me;

Hear me, O God! 'Tis Thine to give
That I may even dare to live!

THE OUTLAW

He's just an outlaw of the plain,
As roguish as can be,
Living his life anew again,
So intrepid, shrewd and free;
It cost him many whirls and kicks
To clear himself, and thewy tricks.

He was a sight, a showy black,
With flowing tail, and mane
That seemed to dangle on his back,
With gait superbly vain;
He was long rated as a prize
By many eager, watchful eyes.

He thought supreme alone he ruled
Beneath some favored wand;
His playful impulses unschooled
Held revel in the land;
He judged the green foothills emblazed
Were his, where colts and fillies grazed.

THE OUTLAW

The feeding range he boldly swept,
 With others of his race;
His plunging spirit reared and leapt
 At being kept in place;
'Twas ere he felt the stinging rod,
Ere yet in wired fence he trod.

He chose his matings from the choice
 That on the foothills ran;
His wanton moods and artful voice
 Brought recruits to his clan;
He soon was doomed to feel the greed
Contrived to counteract his speed.

They sought to take him unawares,
 In all his crafty strength;
Their wily traps and hidden snares
 He missed, till then at length
A bunch of cowboys rush the troop,
Stampeding them in one rash group.

Some wheel and gain the rugged hills,
 The ridges of their home,
Bewildered from the speed that kills,
 Bespecked with crusted foam;
With eyes dilated, mad with fright,
The flurried rabble break from sight.

THE OUTLAW

The rest, with one they value most,
Are driven fast and hard;
The one, the leader of the host
Close pressed, forgot his guard—
Just herded with the common droves
And hounded from the scenes he loves.

This first encounter so he lost,
The victory went to man;
Their subtle aims he ne'er had crossed,
He fell beneath their plan;
He saw the wings when 'twas too late,
Was jostled through a corral gate.

And now he feels the dreadful thing
That holds him in its grip;
He circles in the baffling ring,
To give his foes the slip;
In vain an entrance out he seeks,
And harder yet he heaves and reeks.

He throws his weight against the fence,
And snorts in choking dust;
He darts around with muscles tense
Yet finds no hope to trust;
The men that mock his mad desire
Arouse still more his uncouth ire.

THE OUTLAW

A cowboy casts a lariat loose,
It falls through whizzing air;
He swings the lithe, encircling noose,
A tragedy seems there;
He now appears to lose all hope
And breaks his heart against the rope.

He feels the pangs he ne'er has felt,
The rope upon his jaw;
The knees that never yet had knelt
Now tremble in a flaw;
That graceful flank will cut and bleed
Before they conquer such a steed.

They hold him raving in his mind,
All fettered to the last;
The saddle girths they draw and bind,
And make the cinches fast;
He now must bear the hateful load,
And feel the gall of quirt and goad.

This is the taste the very first,
His soul to crush or tame;
Then comes a wild, a burning thirst;
He rages at the shame
That he should bear this shocking jest
Without one frantic last protest.

THE OUTLAW

He battles from his blistered heart,
Till dripping hot in sweat;
He lathers till the blood-drops start,
And still does not forget
The range beyond the bolted gate,
Where waits for him his favored mate.

No wonder that he squeals with fright
When first the rider mounts,
And fumes and bucks in fiery spite,
Nor takes his rightful counts;
He tries each busting trick in turn,
And with each trick comes more to learn.

To hold a fetlock he rebels;
To fan him who may dare?
The rolling eyes their story tells
The untamed mood is there;
They reach him with a lariat end,
He knows each vantage to defend.

He languishes for many a day,
Still chafing for the herd
That runs untrammelled far away,
By shackles undeterred;
He gets his chance, a welcome boon,
One sultry, cloudy afternoon.

THE OUTLAW

He seems to plan the thing alone,
To end the vile disgrace;
He tarries long, all seeming blown,
For just the time and place;
And when the rousing moment piles,
Finds him aquiver, full of smiles..

He fights more wisely you may know,
And quickly is it done,—
A whirling buck, a twist, a throw,
A cowboy pitched and spun;
He heaves the rider gripping hard,
He piles him off, vexed, bruised and jarred.

And still he fights in fury hot,
And clears a little space;
Not one of all the startled lot
Can drop a rope in place;
He staves them off with nimble heels,
And sundry strangling bites and squeals.

The saddle works a trifle loose,
'Tis lashed across the plain,
He kicks it off, nor calls for truce,
But vanishes again;
He seeks the stamping-grounds afar,
Prepared to wage more equal war.

THE OUTLAW

They search the trails, they ride their best,
They follow on his track,
Yet not a cowboy of the West
Can bring him humbly back;
His breath is strong, his limbs are clean,
Behind is everything thought mean.

He knows each water-hole, each trail,
Each coulee where to hide,
The pastures never known to fail
Clear to the great divide;
The warm chinooks oft sprayed with rain
Serve but to gloss his coat, his mane.

The human smell, let man but touch,
Is like an acrid sting;
It sends him driving from their clutch,
With the whole band in string;
From human ken he holds aloof,
He seeks the sky's untented roof.

He may be seen a noble beast
Harassed by hot pursuit,
Go prancing to the mobile East,
Then vanish stem and root;
He runs alone when closely pressed
Ere yet his secret lair is guessed.

THE OUTLAW

Sometimes at night his whinnied neigh
Is challenged from afar;
Inert forms spring from sleep, but stay
Awake with baffling jar;
He dares them with elusive snort,
He mocks them to the breakneck sport.

In dead of night he oft will find
The docile feeding herds;
He leads them off unto his blind
By instinct lacking words;
He loves the free, the juicy range,
Where years have wrought no seeming change.

* * * * *

His colts are on the watered grass,
His harem 'neath his eye;
He watches every futile pass
That brings a cowboy nigh;
And never shall man's chilling bane
Hold one more grip upon his mane.

He's just an outlaw of the plain,
As roguish as can be,
Living his life anew again,
Intrepid, shrewd and free—
An outlaw every brazen hoof,
The sky alone his vaulted roof.

TO THE NORTH-WEST

Thou great North-West! Thou fertile West!

The north cannot your limits bound;
To look, the sky, your flaming crest,
Appears to rise from out the ground,
Which there, in restless slopes and furrows,
Conceals the myriad gopher burrows.

Again, in day-dream of the West,

Sweet music sinks profuse around;
The shrubs, the grass by winds caressed,
And small slough frogs in chorus sound;
While with his voice, low-pitched and mellow,
The wild fawn bleats unto his fellow.

Anew in service of the West

Were greater odors ever found
Than they which mould upon thy breast,
In Nature's flavors, sweet, profound?
Or, crushed beneath the foot of ranger,
Soar in the air to greet the stranger?

TO THE NORTH-WEST

To view again the spectral West,
Thy virgin look in speech is crowned,
Foretelling soon the change, the best,
These wind-blown meadowed plains redound;
Majestic herds shall on thee trample,
As they of yore, as great, as ample.

Further, in circuit of the West,
Thy plains shall be yet more renowned,
When thou art put to further test,
With countless homes upon thy mound;
And all about shall grow and flourish,—
In this new age the old shall perish.

* * * * *

Thou great North-West! Thou vast North-West!
Again the music sinks around;
But now, beneath thy flaming crest,
Thy fair new age dawns shining crowned,
In pleasant home, ranch, town and station,—
The sample of a new young Nation.

THE STAMPEDE

The steers are wild and nervous,
In that uneasy fear;
They moo and paw and bellow
As though some wraith were near;
They move in restless circles,
As the eve sinks black and drear.

They dread the dark'ning skyline,
The hurtling shots of hail,
Those steel-ringed stinging heralds,
In magic voice of Baal,
That cut the grassy meadows
To its under-clot of shale.

They fear the glaring glamour,
Piercing from heaven's blaze;
They shirk the blasty splendor,
They reel before its maze;
They tremble in the lullings
To the distress of craze.

THE STAMPEDE

Faster the lightning flashes,
Thunder booms overhead;
They surge with insane folly,
Then break in frenzied dread;
They're off with startled impact,
By common impulse led.

The spreading horns are tossing
Like a storm-troubled ship;
They crowd to their undoing
Where but the strong may grip;
What clamor and disaster
Follows this headlong trip!

They shake the turf and batter
The short, nutritious grass;
They trample out and shatter
All that they meet; alas!
No obstacle can stay them—
That dumbly crushing mass.

They're off with startled impact,
And after drives the rain;
And many a purple nostril
Blows out in throttled pain;
When the whole herd is plunging,—
Grim chaos in its train!

THE STAMPEDE

'Tis well no broken coulees
Across the meadows drive,
Or else of all that frothing herd
But few may long survive;
When hills and waters check them,
Scarce one comes out alive.

Never the madness slackens,
Till many a weary pace
Has passed and dropped in darkness,
In this terrific race;
It seems unchecked to gather
More fright in stubborn chase.

Heavens! what cruel torments
Spring harshly from their eyes!
What painful devastation
From where the stampede lies!
The greedy coyotes follow,
With hungry yelps and cries.

They know a feast awaits them
All trampled out, and spread;
They thus may gorge unhindered
Till e'en the weak are fed;
They long may howl and scuffle
Above the wanton dead.

THE STAMPEDE

'Tis then the cowboy tightens
The saddle-girth; he spurs
Beside the steaming long-horns;
With voice that thrills and stirs
The heaving brutes, he chides them,
To check their wild demurs.

'Tis then the cowboy's mettle,
If now he may be near,
Serves him so well and steady
To rouse the herd with cheer;
So long that he has tagged them,
He hates to lose a steer.

He edges up, condoles them,
Shouts, sings some old-time chant,
He shoots in space to warn them,
As the flanks still heave and pant;
He guides the circling fliers,
So toilworn, smoking, gaunt.

Slowly the hardy plainsmen,
Without the least reproof,
Seek slow the home corral gate,
The low and slanting roof.
They've saved the jaded cattle,
The meek, the passive hoof.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

Bill the Bone had a heart of stone—
A dernful heart and mind;
Yet Bill could ride the worst cayuse,
Locoed, vicious, or blind;
Some thought him hard, but a hefty pard,
And a heart where a heart you'd find.

They called him "Bone." A scrap was on,
And the Indian braves were out,
And Bill had heard the fateful blare,
And joined as a thewy scout;
A band of the Sioux had sought him, too,
When his squad was hemmed about.

Behind a hurried barricade
He yapped them on the run;
His blood-lust rose, but his vitals froze,
Behind a snippy gun;
And if the Sioux sought a scalp or two,
Bill soused them to the fun.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

Out of gun-reach now, in an awful row,
The Sioux rode with a howl;
Their tactics changed with their tardy minds,
But Bill glared with a scowl;
He saw the feathered plumes ablaze,
And the paint on limb and jowl.

He knew that fate in an awful form
Behind that streak did flit;
He saw himself trussed to a stake,
And the faggot's blare alit;
And he a man of the plain and tan,
A-sizzling on the spit.

Then guns had yawed and men had croaked,
But Bill had scored his soul;
No bullets left when the rush was made,
He crimped his skin out whole;
He staved them off with a few stray bones
As help cheered on the knoll.

He staved them off as a man might stall,
Who cares not a whit for life,
Who'd rather die in a fierce melee,
'Neath the slushing stroke of strife,
Than feed the flame awry in frame
With the crude cuts of a knife.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

They calmed him down, bloodshotten, wild,
 Encompassed by his dead;
Lithe, dusky forms stifled the breeze,
 Doused in the blood so shed;
Bill looked and saw death's dour maw,
 With all but reason fled.

And now he served on a distant ranch,
 A cowboy every inch;
Six foot of trust from crown to dust,
 The type of man in a pinch;
For thus the life of the range had made,
 That some men do not flinch.

* * * * * * *

'Twas in the swoon of a gay saloon,
 He'd had his little fling;
Bill and a chum o'er a glass of rum,
 Had quarrelled o'er a worthless thing;
'Twas through a flirt, unchaste, inert,
 Equipped with barbéd sting—

O'er a trenchant jade that trafficked trade
 Beneath the fawning lights,
A covert pose in her dowdy clothes
 Out with the boys at nights;

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

A wench in disguise to her seamy eyes,
And the butt of brawls and fights.

Yet guns were drawn and Bill's own chum
Went down with a ghastly rasp;
And Bill the Bone with the heart of stone
Grinned with a gnawing gasp,
Demented most to the devilled point,
With a live gun in his grasp.

The sheriff, primed for spicy work,
And hard as chiselled flint,
Spoke wisely of the word "defence,"
And sent a little hint,—
A breezy hint for Bill to spur,
Or do a sudden sprint.

Yet drink was cheap; but cheaper still
Was bared life in these days;
And many went to their carnal mound
Through girls and the gambling craze;
So Bill, with another nick on his gun,
Went on his ill-starred ways.

Yet not all bad for the sake of lust
Was Bill, the frontier spark,—
A reckless care to do or dare,
With each stern pace, a lark,—

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

A freedom born of the lonely trysts,—
A trust that keeps its mark.

A mark that's found with the lowing herds,
All bedding down to their rest,—
Those untamed herds that heed the voice,
Of the cowman's tongue the best,—
A reeking melody of speech,
Framed in the Border West.

He rode to his task in the morning light,
So sinewy and unshriven,—
And blood once shed in a streak of red
Raves that more blood be given;
You may rack to escape from the Pole to the
Cape,
And then you have not striven.

* * * * *

A bronco squealed, a bronco skewed
And writhed each inch of the way;
But Pete the bold one scratched his mount,
In the gleaming light of the day,
And mocked him through dry lips that cracked,
With a laugh and a whoop, so they say.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

He fanned the brute while his riding boots
Gripped fast, and so he clung;
The cayuse thought that a tenderfoot
Was in the saddle swung;
And so he twisted, screwed and bucked,
But still Pete cursed but hung.

Around they sat for a view and chat,
The boys in their riding togs;
They smoked and laughed, they joked and
chaffed,
From a perch on the corral logs;
And the dust rose up from the sweating herd
In a rolling reek of fogs.

And then in a flash the thing occurred;
The horse plunged, slipped and fell,
And Pete lay bleeding underneath,
With a kink on the veer of hell;
And for a moment all was still,—
Then Bill made a jump and yell.

They lifted them, they dragged him out
Still living, from the horse;
And then Pete moved, but scarce could speak,
So near he was a corse;
The brute lay still, with a broken neck,
Amongst the trampled gorse.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

Most tenderly they took Pete up
And laid him in a bunk;
Scarce a word was said, but the fellows all
Were in a nerveless flunk;
And the chill was on their aching limbs,
Yet scorned to show their funk.

Not the fear of self, for self is naught
When chums through danger drive;
For rough men learn the simple truth
That each for each should strive;
And friendship, roughened by their toils,
Burnished, will keep alive.

Thus 'tis a fearful thing to feel
A comrade's scorching doom;
It is a darksome thing to bear
A lament's tingèd bloom,
With the whole heart in sympathy,
Regretful through the gloom.

Then Bill the Bone, with the heart of stone,
But the mind of a child at play,
Wistfully looked at the broken form,
Then gazed at the grisly day;
And the puzzled look grew sternly calm,
For his thoughts were far away.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

Many a bronc stood chafing by,
And champing in a fit,
Restless and shy to foreign touch,
Savage to fight a bit;
What but a man of the plain and tan
On such a steed could sit.

Bill called his own, a pinto wild,
With a few smears of brown,—
The bridle threw and the saddle drew
And cinched it with a frown,
Then hit the trail, the trail that led
To a doctor and the town.

Fifty miles by the nearest count,—
A lone and barren trail,—
A swollen river on the way,
Where the rapids seethe and flail;
And Bill the Bone with the heart of stone
Spurred hard, but did not fail.

The clear tattoo of the beating hoofs
Went pelting clear and wide,
For Bill the Bone with the heart of stone
Knew how a man should ride
That seeks to mill from the jaws of death
His pinioned, flensing bride.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

The trail did change to amber hue,
The landscape still looked sere,
And Bill's horse, nettled with the run,
Made many a plunge and rear;
But Bill the Bone with the heart of stone
Laughed at the wraith called "Fear."

The amber hue crimsoned at eve,
Then after trailed the dark,
And in the heavens far away
Glimmered each graven spark;
And many a ghoulish coyote heard
And mouthed with loathsome bark.

Bill thought, as he loped his horse along,
Of his home, as a little tot,—
(The roughest men recall these things,
They think, why should they not?)
And the gentle hand that soothed his head
In his little pillowed cot.

How knotted, gnarled and twisted now,
The fist that stroked the pap!
How frazzled from life's pungent way
Since cuddled in her lap!
He sprang from her to wilfulness
Through such a doubtful gap.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

How dear that velvet breast through which
He mulched life's simple sweet!
And Bill the Bone with the heart of stone
Gulped hard as he held his seat;
And ever he looked ahead with heart
That softened in its beat.

He watched the fleeting clouds above
Go ever slipping by;
He felt the soft wind in his face,
Spumed from a fleecy sky;
He wondered if a soul could pass
And make no bitter cry.

He wondered if a soul could pass
And make no bitter cry;
For something hovered in the air,
And ever whimpered nigh,
That seemed to whisper in his ear
That someone had to die.

Its presence followed at his back,
Still whistling clear and thin;
It chirped along in lively song,
But Bill still knew its din;
It seemed a judgment on his soul,
For his abnormal sin.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

A weird-like presence humans feel,
That seemed to speak or guide,—
A vague uncertain wonderment
As though we had but sighed;
We knew, we felt it, passed it on,
Yet nothing to abide.

It sat upon the saddle horn,
It tugged upon the reins;
It sent his horse in gallop fast,
Keen-foot across the plains;
And blotchy spots perturbed his gaze,
That seemed like oozing stains.

He wondered if a soul could pass
And make no bitter plaint;
And then the trailing presence passed,
Each moment growing faint;
It left him riding as before,
In all his rash attaint.

Then in the distance something moaned,
And Bill gripped fast and hard;
He thought of the low ranch-house behind,
And a broken, dying pard;
He thought of his chum and his heart welled
up,—
To this was his life unbarred.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

The molten moan muffled her tone
 Beneath the inky arc;
A sweltry heat now seemed to beat,
 Although so stinging dark;
Weirdly the crooning sounded now
 In an unnatural bark.

The molten moan muffled her tone,
 Then soon across the trail
The river churned, and the heart of stone
 Guessed how the rapids flail,
Swollen by water from the hills,
 Lashed down in rain and hail.

Strange shadows flitted to and fro,
 Weird skeptics of the sun,
That only rise when the nether skies
 Are merged with the hooded dun,
Where the flanging bash with stringless lash
 Spun, and forever spun.

And there in the dank of the river bank
 The heart of the man held true;
And with each stride of the yellow tide
 His firmness of purpose grew;
And never a gleam across the stream,
 Save where the foamflecks flew.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

He spurred his horse that reared and fought;
But Bill's heart was content;
The water churned about his knees,
Yet at its worst he went,
The yellow waters of the hills
In one wild hellish blent.

Just then the drivelled clouds above
Let loose with shrieking screen;
The horrid demons of the sky
Shot their long bolts between—
These fiery bolts that blind the gaze
With salvos hot and keen.

It minded him of that fell time
He'd fought his country's fight;
He welcomed it, resigned in heart,
A veil drawn from his sight,—
That parting veil sometimes withdrawn,—
A human's last "Good-night."

* * * * *

The river boomed on its heedless way,—
No message reached the town,
But a man and horse were clogged about,
A little farther down;

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

They swirled in an eddy stranded there,
Then passed with the souls that drown.

They lay in the heat of the festered sands
A prey to the beasts that prowl,—
That hungry host that love it most,
When the marrowed joints are foul,—
That slip to their prey in the waning day
With scarce a yap or howl.

The morn blinked up from its bank of gray,—
In the ranch-house all was still,
For in the passing of the night
Death clutched another fill;
And sightless orbs greeted the streak
Of daylight on the hill.

And silence fell on the lonely ranch;
Men looked the word they'd seek,
Yet none dared moot the thing they thought,
Or miche the voice to speak;
And a strange devoir ransacked the place,
And the strongest minds were meek.

They scooped his grave in a trampled spot
Outside the corral fence;

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

And many a hardened cowman looked
On, on with subdued sense,
In leaded sorrow that spoke
Pathos without pretence.

* * * * *

They say where souls are knit on earth
That Death can never hold,—
That Bill the Bone with the heart of stone,
And Pete, the rider bold,
Still sweep with reins the forayed plains,
Though their nerveless arms are cold.

They sip at many a campfire's glow,
And flail the mad stampede;
For blood once shed in a streak of red
More blood on earth must feed;
And the plunging herd all pestful stirred,
Will crush till the nostrils bleed.

And often still their tale is told,
Beneath the raftered roof;
And from the spot, their sinews rot,
E'en armed men hold aloof;
For in the sky is heard the cry,
And the beat of the unseen hoof.

BALLAD OF BILL THE BONE

And the moaning nights will not be still,
The winds will not withhold
Their answer to the ghostly flares,
Aureoled through the cold;
They hold contour on the lonely moor,
With many a spectre bold.

This may be wrong, but strange things flash
On the prairies brown and bare;
There's many a tale of the silent trail
In the whispering wisp's thin flare;
And flaming nights cry out in fright
With that mysterious blare.

Then here's rest to their weary bones
Beyond the inmost ken,—
A roving rest if that may be,—
The rest unsolved of men,
When every landmark's crumbled,
And dimmed the random pen.

And Bill the Bone with the heart of stone,—
Whatever else may be,—
Think you he cleared his life below
Of some iniquity?
Think you he had the sinner's chance
With Christ nailed to the tree?

BRUNO, THE GRIZZLY

Wind from the snow of ages,
Blow soft from the little rock!
For Bruno, the prince of grizzlies,
Is raiding amongst the stock;
His swaying paunch is empty,
His small eyes squint and burn,—
With fletching paw and gaping jaw—
Beware, unschooled! and learn.

Of Bruno, the prince of grizzlies,
Let every one beware;
His name goes forth as a hero's,—
He's a deathful, fearless bear;
Seek him not amongst the cattle—
Shun him and his reeking lair—
Go, pass him wide on the mountain side—
Bold curse of the mountain air!

BRUNO, THE GRIZZLY

A roar like the roar infernal—
A rush like a Spanish bull!
And scarce had a startled cowboy
The wit or the nerve to pull
A gun from his cumbered saddle,
Or loosen his weary pack;
Maybe his horse had bolted,
And left him stranded back.

A rugged mound on the hillside
Is where Jack Dempsey fell;
A sapling in yon thicket
Serves poor Bill Drusoe well;
'Twas there Bill faced the horror,—
Oh, reckless, foolish one!
What can you do with the devil, too,
A-charging down your gun?

Levying toll on the stockmen,
His clumsy footprints strayed,
Bruno, the outlawed grizzly,
So bold and unafraid;
Feeding his empty stomach,
Sheathed to the neck in gore,—
Ruling his sphere by a steel-flitched fear,—
A despot grim and hoar.

BRUNO, THE GRIZZLY

Then Sam from the old log cabin,
The hunter of the moose,
Hears the stampede of cattle,
And the rending hell let loose;
And Sam, the swarthy trapper,
Who seeks but his lawful meat,
Glares rough, unshorn as the sound is borne,
And his pulse does strangely beat.

In his cosy, homely cabin,
Are many trophies strung;
From many a smoky rafter
Haunches of venison hung;
Proof of his skill and prowess
Are vaunted skins of bear;
And many a pelt of the lion smelt,
Trapped in the native lair.

Curios of other ages—
Some nuggets from the mine—
Rare furs of fox and beaver
Culled to his sacred shrine,—
A fair-haired, lightsome daughter,
In a far College left,—
A sainted talisman to guard,
Of mother all bereft.

BRUNO, THE GRIZZLY

Gliding through covert cover,
Hiding from tree to tree,
So Sam has approached the grizzly,
The sateless debauchee;
Slowly, cautious and wary,
Gun to the front and loose,—
Thus creeps forth the trapper, wroth,—
The hunter of the moose.

Gorging his barrelled stomach,
Bruno, the outlaw, lay
Feasting upon a yearling,
In the glorious mountain day;
Little marks of the struggle,—
A roar, a charge that leads
To his terror-stricken quarry,—
And his gory feast he bleeds.

Haste not to thwart his banquet!
Trust not the cattle thief!
Brace your nerves hard to meddle,
To bring the hoofs relief!
He's a cruel, fiendish marvel,—
A prodigy of vim;
Trust ye the hooded viper free,
But never come near him.

BRUNO, THE GRIZZLY

A roar from a guttural throttle,—
A charge like a battling ram,—
And Bruno mouths the avenger,
In the lithy, wiry Sam;
A shot in his coolest moments—
A fusilade of lead—
A dodge by the slimmest figure—
Or else Sam were now dead.

Now with the slightest tremor—
(Sam wants no paltry truce—)
He forces on his foeman,
And shrieks defiance loose;
Trick for each dare returning,—
Cheek to the filthy snout,—
And then within the lullings thin,
He strikes the huge beast out.

Slashed is his grimy jacket,—
The work of the writhing bear;
Knifed to the steely handle—
Sam gets his blow in there;
Where lately glared his eyeballs
Sam's first shots have told;
In raging mind and fury blind
The hoary monster rolled.

BRUNO, THE GRIZZLY

Sam limps from the sharp conflict
A sore and much-cut man;
But he's saved the grassy foot-hills
And cleared them of their ban;
The hairy, smelling bear-skin
That dries upon his shack
Is from a chief, the cattle thief—
'Tis from old Bruno's back.

THE CYCLONE

A prairie city of our West
Peacefully sparkles in Sunday rest;
A sultry heat glares down at noon,
A shower moistens, but passes soon.

What new note's that—the roll of drums?
And nearer now a tumult comes,
And bursts with a frightful shrieking roar,
O'er tranquil scenes unmoved before!

'Twas from the South the mad thing came,
Rearing aloft like a tongue of flame,
Roaring and lifting and passing by,
In fierce contest with earth and sky.

Bellowing with wrath and fearful rage,
Seeking more victims to engage,
Strong things are torn and tossed to dust,
All the strong things that men trust.

THE CYCLONE

The choicest buildings men may rear,—
Sacrilège hath no terrors here,—
Its brazen conscience who may quell,
Or one of its stinging shots repel!

Quickly it hurls at the city block
Its strongest bolts with uncanny shock;
Buildings collapse at the giant's call,
In the wildest jumble so they fall.

Just a grinding twist, an awful roar,
They grope for earth, or lightly soar;
But the fiend tears on more food to find,
Leaving a trail of wrecks behind.

Its voice is the voice of fury, strong,—
Heartless and deaf, it knows no wrong;
To it alike are all goodly things,
At all alike its blasts it flings.

It hurls in space the things men made,
And passes on so unafraid;
The wildest pranks it plays, and tries
To smash all things in its wild surprise.

Grotesque on earth,—convulsed in air,—
It plans anew fresh moves to dare;

THE CYCLONE

And when in the blinding lulls between,
Blots still more buildings off the screen.

None dare play with its bold caress,
None may hold e'en a fiery tress;
Its touch is ruin, its ardent breath
Is smothering sleep, the sleep of death.

The lovely, spotless city street
Is the very storm-fiend's playful seat;
Strangely it totters from end to end,
Its honor blindly to defend.

It reels to the hurtling tempest blast,
It grips at air till the motive's passed,
Then down it goes without a doubt,
But fighting still the whole thing out.

Like a sickle to a field of wheat,
A swath through the city's midst it beat;
Still a tangled mass of wreckage rent
Follows its heels, as its fantasies went.

After the storm so comes the calm,
And night comes down with her cheerful balm;
But long shall stay to thinking minds,
The war of earth, the air and winds.

A MANITOULIN SPRING

The snow is melting, going fast,
Before the South wind's coming calm;
The air is filled with mist and balm;
The eager ship with sail and mast,
The early crow the tidings bring,
"A sunny Manitoulin spring!"

Adown the hill with rustic speed
The new-born rill quick flashes by;
The willing herds take up the cry,
As on the highlands there they feed;
With echoes long the valleys ring,
"Welcome to Manitoulin Spring!"

The trickling saps pulsating out,
In every drop the news proclaim;
The lusty buds prolong the same;
The first sprigs raise their tiny shout;
Then all in harmony they sing,
"Welcome to Manitoulin Spring!"

A MANITOULIN SPRING

Out from the ponds, in ceaseless pipe,
Unbidden comes a medley plaint,
The frogs' shrill voice without restraint;
And when the time is fairly ripe,
Together all they coarsely sing,
"Welcome to Manitoulin Spring!"

Disrobed Nature sweetly stands
Bereft of all her gaudy show;
Yet in my heart a silent glow
Of laurels green o'er these fair lands;
In unison all gladly sing,
"Good-bye to Manitoulin Spring!"

A REVERIE OF SKELETON CAVE

THE NIGHT WINDS MURMUR.

I sit in twilight shadows,
Where the soft night winds blow,
And think of the days gone by in the haze,
Of Canada of long ago,
When all the land was forest,
Roaming with bear and deer,
And then of the race, the first in the place,
To greet the white man here.

The night winds murmur louder
In a weird sombre tone:
I think of the trace was left in the place,
Writ on copper and stone;
These were the chiefest handmarks,
Proving to us the tale,
And the ancient lore, which the old folk pour,
So strangely of the trail.

A REVERIE OF SKELETON CAVE

The night winds murmur deeper,
The branches moan and shake,
And the white bones dry in the cave laid by
We view now for their sake,—
Laid by in holes and caverns,
Relics of that strange tongue;
They were laid wild-eyed, with the tools of their
pride—
And the loved ones lived among.

The night winds murmur sweeter,
The stars of heaven dawn,
And the moon floods fair the expanse of air,
O'er a race that is gone;
The few now lodged amongst us
Are but a sprinkling rain
To the avalanche on the mighty ranch,
In hunting grounds again.

Again the night winds murmur;
In superstitious awe:
Go gather the few their abodes unto,
In rigid curfew law;
They think at night weird spirits
Of those agone and strange
Prowl round in the dark and leave not a mark
On all the tribal range.

A REVERIE OF SKELETON CAVE

The night winds' murmur ceases,
And I, too, must be gone;
But thoughts of the race in their native place
Stay with me till the dawn,
With all their old-time power,
Pride, pomp and fashions queer,
Pipes, arrows and bow, and beads as they go,
And other signs as clear,
Ornaments and axe and knife,
That mark the course of primal life.

A MUSE IN SKELETON CAVE

O Time! so bewitching and long,
What things are done in thy day,
Of terror, of sadness or song,
Or golden deeds dropped by the way?
The ages go by with their scroll,
And leave but a trace of the dead;
And all the queer things each century brings,
Would multiply volumes if read.

The beetle once whisked on the shore;
The pale face of man was not here;
The island unbroken woods bore
Where homes of the white men appear;
But deep in the woody old shades,
The tribes of the red men roamed free,
And called themselves lords, backed by their
hordes,
By all the strange powers there be.

A MUSE IN SKELETON CAVE

These, then, were the days of the feuds,
The days of astonishing sight,
When the wood-kings came forth with their
 broods
To join in the primitive fight:
Like eagles, the eyes on the track,
To search down the vanishing prey;
And cruel are the tales now told of the trails,
When the Blackfeet came over this way.

The flowers grew sweet then as these,
The whip-poor-will trilled in the night,
When here, in these stately old trees,
They caught the Ojibways in flight;
Encompassed, discouraged and weak,
Hemmed in by a vigilant race,
Here in this strange cave, to the last they were
 brave;
In dying they left us this trace:

A few whitened bones just we saw,
Not a jot to tell the death shrieks;
And we our own story draw,
From that which the site plainly speaks,—

A MUSE IN SKELETON CAVE

The slight barricade at the door,
 To deaden the first brazen charge;
The litter that lay to the blink of the day,—
 The bones, the weapons, the targe.

The moons oft have blushed to be seen,
 And ushered the centuries out;
The land is still deluged in green,
 A new age is piping about;
With laughter, with banter and jokes,
 Folk picnic around the marked cave,
With scarcely a thought of the fight that was
 fought
 Here in this tragedized grave.

The Blackfeet once ravished at will,
 And where, tell me where now are they?
The years hover by sure and still,
 And then will the present decay;
The red-man, once mighty and strong,
 Has passed with his now ancient sway;
But all the fierce tales of Canada's trails,
 Will flourish for many a day.

MORNING ON LAKE MINDEMOYA

'Tis mine to speak of things I know,
And speak them bold and cheery;
So I have never seen the dawn
Flood the expanse of Erie;
I cannot paint, not even shade
That town-bound lake at morning,
But this, my wood-environed lake,
I've seen morn's gloss adorning.

I read from wild enthusiasts
Of Memphramagog's glory,
Of Couchiching, so small and trim,
Where tourists love to foray;
Of Simcoe lake, sequestered neat,
Beside the town of Barrie;
I let each have their own, but I
By Mindemoya tarry.

Muskoka has a certain charm;
Her lakes are full of boating;
The line and trawl from smoky town
To them are sportsmen toting;

MORNING ON LAKE MINDEMOYA

And then the Thousand Isles I know
Are dear to boat and fisher;
But Mindemoya's sporting charms,
Are all that I could wish her.

Let Rice Lake prove a higher charm,
Then I shall this surrender,
And never more of merits tell,
Or even jingles lend her:
But, oh, these hills are sweetly sprayed
With roses wild, and clover;
The early honeysuckles find
A ledge the waters over.

Berlin has but a murky pond,
Compared with this soft flowing,
The tiny foam that meets the balm,
From plum and berry blowing;
The south wind laden with perfume,
The yearly tribute bringing,
Prints fresh the lips, the breath, the soul,
With artless blushes springing.

O'er Manitou these Autumn days,
Wild geese to southward hover;
'Neath Long Lake's bushes bended down,
The stalwart ducks find cover;

MORNING ON LAKE MINDEMOYA

The otter splashes in the ooze,
 Beneath Mud Lake's tall rushes;
The zephyr stills the mink's quick splash,
 And Windfall's surface flushes.

Scarred war Ticonderoga felt,
 When Champlain's braes were cannon,
And British guardsmen slumber cold
 Far from their homes on Shannon;
Decay has robbed the battlements
 By mystic unheard orders;
And now the fairy waters roll
 At peace within her borders.

About Lake George's presence hangs
 A pang by words unspoken,
To view where blood-stained hosts have cursed,
 And raved in battle broken;
Her crumbling walls tell an old tale
 Of half a world of fire;
The "Bloody Pool" forgets to wail
 Those doomed by hellish hire.

Think of Carillon, laughing hearts,
 Her doings, and be sober;
With Nature's softest tracery,
 Age with decay shall robe her.

MORNING ON LAKE MINDEMOYA

Since Mindemoya drank no blush,
From armies drawn together,
A healthy flush floats in the breeze
From slopes engulfed in heather.

But here things come and go at peace,
Unsought by every rover,
Unknown to all the tourist world
That hunt the country over;
And I alone her praises sing,
Because I know her better
Than they who gird the world around
With every modern fetter.

LAKE VIEW

The Winter's day is beaming o'er the distant
woods; and near

Beneath me lie the quiet farms in homelike happy
cheer;

The air stirs softly as the dream of unseen hidden
rule,

Her touch is health,

Her breath is wealth,

Poor earth-sick thoughts to cool.

See how the air the lightened smoke envelops
into cloud,

The texture of the snow beneath, white earth's
great glowing shroud!

See how the high, wood-covered hills slope gently
to the lake,

And sink beneath

The icy wreath,

Land furrows in their wake!

On high, the clouds in jetting beams their heavy
shadows throw

O'er farm and home, o'er hill and lake, and o'er
the fleecy snow;

LAKE VIEW

What though the sluggish river rolls across the
ocean's track,

 This icy lake
 She cannot shake,
Nor rush the frost king back.

And all about, bowed down and out, nestle the
groaning trees

Beneath their canopy of snow, protesting to the
breeze;

The little snow birds, out for food, hop round
from twig to leaf,

 So small and sweet,
 Coy and discreet,
Their twitterings bring relief.

Then Silence willed a banquet down upon the airy
bluff,

And there I rested in her hall, till fullness cried
enough;

And the whole scene was fairy-like, enchanted to
my gaze,

 Until the night,
 When dimmed by sight,
Called on my wakeful ways.

THE BEAVER

Busy, busy beaver! along the lonely river,
Giants fall before thy face, by ones and sever-
ally:
Unwearied little worker, put to shame the
shirker,
Who raises not his needful store as thou dost
annually;
Show the slothful ever, divided thou art never,
That they who prosper shall unite, as one
family;
Then when this is finished, thy fame still undi-
minished,
Shall guide the hosts beneath our gem, the flag
of Canada.

Social, social beaver! thou art no vain deceiver;
Happy is thy dwelling-place in quiet harmony;
False to some thou art never, thou art honest
ever,
Teaching the world the horror of shameful
falsity;

THE BEAVER

Show the faithless traitors, just like fiery craters
Are the hearts that breed untruth's shameless
satiety;
That which flows out hardens broadcast o'er the
gardens
Where might have bloomed the flowers of love
and purity;
Then as thy triumphs quiver, by forest and by
river,
Thy image meekly will adorn the flag of
Canada.

Peaceful, peaceful beaver! along the quiet river
"Can cunning quarrels annoy thee?" poor, sev-
ered mortals say;
If there's aught that's hated, with it quarrels are
rated,
So teach the priceless value of unmoiled
society;
Prove that quarrels distress thee, friendships
dear caress thee,
That quarrelsome ranks breed mischief in their
disunity;
Then shall thy brave example yet be to us a
sample,
To guide us when thy image crowns the flag
of Canada.

THE BEAVER

Then wise, brave, gentle beaver! long may our
proud banner

Retain thee as the emblem of our quiet in-
dustry!

Until the world it leadeth, till the ranks it
weedeth,

Till wide it sweeps our kindred of all vile
iniquity;

Then when our commerce brightens, till distant
parts it heightens,

Show them the princely value of loyal sobriety;
Thy days here may be ended, yet let thy image,
blended

In silken fabric, long adorn the flag of Canada.

UNITED CANADA

United people from all nations sprung,
Sweet be thy name in brilliant home and hall;
Let it be sung in the cold, frozen North,
Where loyal kinsmen answer to thy call.

Strong is the love of home and country born,
Choice are the blessings on thy verdant shore;
Let England be extolled for her pure aims,
And our great King, O God! for evermore.

FAIR CANADA

Fair Canada, fair Canada! thy people flourish
free!

They knit a nation out of three that warring
used to be;

And then from land on every hand came all
tongues to our coast;

Then to the land of Liberty let's give our cheery
toast!

Fair Canada, fair Canada! ye are well ruled, we
sing!

Ye love your fealty unto old Britain and her
King;

Look and behold your statesmen bold, all busy
at their posts;

Then to the land of Loyalty let's give our cheery
toasts!

Fair Canada, fair Canada! thy commerce
brightens far!

The great fir pine, the hidden mine, thy coming
promise are;

Thy lands are still as good to till for fruit and
grain as most;

Then to the land of Industry let's give our cheery
toast!

YOUNG CANADA

Canada is ever young,
Labrador's wild fields among;
Algoma has forests still,
Many timbers yet to mill;
Keewatin and Baffin's land,
Unpeopled as Sable's sand;
Klondyke yet has gold unsacked,
Nova Scotia fish unpacked;
Sing ye this at Hudson's Bay,
As the railroad clears the way;
Sing ye this not just for rhyme,
In a merry jingling chime,
"Canada remaineth young,
Lakes and sunny braes among."

Out upon the western plains
Grow far-famed Canadian grains;
And when all is said or known,
The world's granary here is shown;
Far from any raftered roof
Whinny many countless hoof;

YOUNG CANADA

Many acres beckon thee,
“Come, and get your homesteads free;”
And a town is born each day.
On the railroad right-of-way;
Room there is for trade or mirth,
Fling the tidings to the earth;
This in foreign tongues is sung,
“Canada remaineth young.”

Down the wild Pacific coast
Woods there are of no mean boast;
Sleepy mines as yet unstirred,
Down the stately range unheard;
Dream of North so unsurpassed,
Trackless regions follow fast;
Lakes and rivers, snow and ice,
Follow in a mazy trice,
Till the mind is almost lost
In the regions of the frost,
Where things are primeval still,
Not a settlement or mill;
So, when all is said or sung,
Canada remaineth young.

COMING ONES

O Canada, thy sons are loyal,
 Their sinews make thy homesteads free;
And oh! their blood is rich and royal,
 Its strength on every hand we see.

O Canada, thy maids are pretty,
 In all our happy homes they be;
On farms and every stately city,
 Their virgin comeliness we see.

O Canada, a race is growing,
 The coming ones are strong and free,
And when thy present knights are going,
 Will take their place for God and thee.

SONS OF THE BAND.

(A United Empire Loyalist Song.)

We're the sons of the band
That settled the land,
That said in their might that "Canada lives,"
They crossed the black forest,
They forded Niagara,
To back with their faith what a stirring heart
gives;
For theirs was a law unwritten but great,
And binding on all who owed loyal estate.

The camp-fire at night
Was hidden, but bright,
Where watchful, erect, the sentry was kept;
The land where they journeyed
Concealed fearsome dangers,
Behind every thicket sly savages crept;
The wayside was thorny, the trails were unkind,
The unknown before, and home was behind.

SONS OF THE BAND.

When war shook the earth,
Bloodshed and dearth
Aroused every hamlet where peace reigned before;
With clan against chieftain,
And friend against neighbor,
The land of the Quaker was steeped in its gore;
All who were loyal, when the conflict was ended,
Were exiled from home for the faith they contended.

Thus onward they'd tramp
Till they made a camp,
In the land of adoption, holding it down;
Their faith was rewarded
In meadows and cattle,
In dazzling homes made, and sons of renown;
As their progeny, we too, are bound to uphold,
That loyal propensity thrilling and bold.

The land we now tread
Felt the stern dread,
'Twas battered and moulded and paid for in lives;
That's why we honor
Their hoary remembrance,
And cry in our ecstasy, "Canada thrives";
For that which we hold we'll keep till it's wrested,
And drenched with our blood-drops, hotly contested.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIL

It sprang not here nor elsewhere,
Atlantic gave it sand;
Through torn abyss of tangles,
It sought the Height of Land;
Great pines and roaring torrents,
A Continent of plains,
It passed the rocky ranges,
Pacific gave domains.

Hardened by countless footsteps,
Mad chase in wild careen,
Above the forest giants
Shook down festoons of green;
By lake and inland marshes
It led through meadow grass,
Anon a stream or brooklet
Gave vent, then it did pass.

The couchant panther, hungry,
The eagle in her nest,
The grey wolf in her thicket,
Held off and let him rest;

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIL

His spear, his bow, his quiver
Too oft have told their tale,—
The rude redmen hold converse,
Lords of the midnight trail.

Records of centuries teach us,
Progress yet marks the world,
Landmarks are desecrated,
Destruction dumbly hurled;
Still doth its presence linger,
In ways that cannot fail,—
Some bones, a pipe, a hatchet,
Along the old-time trail.

ALLIED

Here is a tale
From our Family-tree,
Of the days of the trail,
When the tribes roamed free,
And the folk who came
With sword and flame,
To Canada.

The brilliant sun
Looked down in bliss,
On a day begun
Quite unlike this—
On a rugged land
With its dusky band,
In the wood's abyss.

The auroral lights,
Proud, flashing low,
Through the lone nights
In hallowed glow,

ALLIED

Gleamed infinite
Mysterious might,
O'er scenes below.

The maple tree
That bore her treats,
To the untamed race
In their wild retreats,
Perennially,
Soothed winter's sway,
To yield her sweets.

* * * * *

On the river rode
The storm-racked ships,
The stern abode
Of the bearded lips;
They came with the nerve
Of the land they serve,
On these rough trips.

Through shoals unshown
They forced their way;
The wilds unknown
Proclaimed their stay,
Till a new sphere
Unheard of here
Ordained the day.

ALLIED

And the simple folk
Greeted in glee
The strange paleface
From the fretful sea,
But they stood in awe,
And judged they saw
Great mystery.

* * * * *

They viewed the scene,
Then cast around
For a bivouac
On native ground;
And the camp was made
In the evening shade
To sublime sound.

They bared their arms
And grimly wrought,
And the stump-girt farms
To light were brought;
The mother sung
In the quaint French tongue,
And the master taught.

They built a town
On the wooded shore,

ALLIED

Where the floods go down
To the salt seas' roar;
'Twas a noble site,
And its strength and might
A proud name bore.

They built its walls
And manned them stout,
So soon to feel
War's roar and rout;
And they thought and planned
On every hand
Defence devout.

They sowed their corn
In the virgin soil,
Which morn by morn
Began to toil,
And the tiny blade
In the mould'ring shade
Came out her coil;

And for a space
A crop did reap,
Ere time did trace
That they must weep;
And year by year

ALLIED

Stern and austere,
Their tryst did keep.

* * * * *

And the news prepared
Some strong and great,
Who came ensnared
To the infant state,
But did not find
In the waste behind,
Wealth's golden gate.

South, North and West,
They worked their place;
Where served them best,
They built a base;
And the armèd post
Of no mean boast
Proclaimed their race.

Soon peace demurred
At the wigwam's lint,
And fitful heard
The blows on flint;
Till horror hid
Her face, nor bid
The knife's cold glint.

* * * * *

ALLIED

Then came the feud
Of the native band,
Who came like a brood
Of fleas on the land;
Men walked no more
At the tepee door
With an empty hand.

In troubled birth
The babes were born;
The home and hearth
Were seared and torn;
And nought was dear
To the brutal leer
Of the fiends unshorn.

So passed a tide
Of spectre years,
Where deep woods hide
A thousand fears;
And the land seemed worse
Than a ten-fold curse
To human ears.

Oh, this is the time
Of which we read
Of the acts sublime
In word and deed;

ALLIED

And the folk were stirred
At the blazing word
Of Canada's need.

Forth to the front
Proudly appear
To bear the brunt
Of the panting year,
The sincere heart,
Who worked a part
In the country's cheer.

Serenely high,
The Fleur-de-lis
Waved ever nigh,
A soul's last kiss;
And tribes unheard
Their loins did gird
To serve with this.

* * * * *

So to the West
Some traders went,
And in their quest
Great lives were lent;
They travelled on
From dawn to dawn,
Tired and spent.

ALLIED

Great lakes and streams
They safely passed,
Till uncouth dreams
Revealed at last
Great herds, great plains,
Fertile domains,
Endless and vast.

The bison fed
On Nature's lawn,
The coyote fled
In the thick gray dawn;
But the antelope
On the grassy slope
Led forth her fawn.

* * * * *

Next came the feud
Of the fairer men,
Great noise they brewed
From glen to glen;
And the forest war
Fierce clanged afar
With fervor then.

ALLIED

They made a camp
In the campaign's heat,
And the clang and tramp
Were the march of feet;
And the land was spied
On every side
That hosts might eat.

There came a day
The world's best breeds
Met in a fray
To do great deeds;
And the strife hung long
On a frantic throng,
The story reads.

Two nations wept
O'er the carnage done;
Some heroes slept—
The fruit of the gun;
But Britain smiled
On the growing child
Her might had won.

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ALLIED

Next is the tale
Of the civil fight,
When our kinsmen came
To prove our right,
To hold the laws
Of our own good cause,
And honor bright.

By lake and stream,
In deepest glen,
Where panthers scream,
Were graves of men;
And ghoulish beasts
Partook of feasts
In bone-strewn den.

By the lilied lakes
Were dark deeds seen;
In the ferns and brakes
The scent hung keen,
Till the fair expanse
Looked dark askance
At its own sweet sheen.

And the withered leaf
Fell hour by hour,
In aching grief
On the fortress tower;

ALLIED

Ordained to stay,
Came lone decay,
For this her dower.

Supremely grand
From her repose,
The mailèd hand
She showed her foes;
Her blows she hurled
To a gasping world,
Thus Britain rose.

Dark was the night
That hid the sun;
'Twas a cruel fight,
Hard fought and won;
But a sullen roar
Broke from the shore
On a siege begun.

Dark was the night,
But wildly still
The shrieks of death
Rent from the hill;
And the guns unmasked
Did all was asked
To maim and kill.

ALLIED

The way they came
 They hungered back,
Steel-chased with flame,
 Weary from lack;
And the ruling hand
That held the land
 Posted the track.

* * * * * *

So grew the land
 For a little space,
So ably planned
 By the soil's own race;
Till none could see
Where strife could be,
 Or hold a place.

The sons of toil
 Thought of their gain,
Once more the soil
 Received her grain,
Till the harvest sheaf
And the maple leaf
 Crowned the domain.

* * * * * *

ALLIED

Sad were the days
Of a new year;
The sun's cold rays
Fell without cheer;
And strife went on
From frantic dawn
With ruin near.

On these rich grounds
Fought men of state,
Holding its bounds
Unscathed by fate;
And armed ranks
In serried banks
Guarded her gate.

The early fall
Coming in quest,
Threw her rich pall
On Canada's breast—
For there, O God!
Beneath the sod
Slumbered the best.

The gunner bold
By his dusky piece
Sang tales of old
Till the last shots cease;

ALLIED

Thus, thus he sang,
While the volleys rang,
Till the world cried "Peace."

And Canada
Bathed in her tears,
Sought her redress
In growing years;
To do their most
Came a strong host,
Her sons and seers.

* * * * *

This is the tale
Of the last West,
Of the passing trail,
And the world's best;
Hither they came
Of every name,
In their busy quest.

This is the age
Of lusty trade,
Proud the adage
In pomp arrayed;

ALLIED

'Twas the magic wand
To the thrifty land
 “Canadian made.”

And commerce stirred
 The eager ships,
That backed the word
 With their wave-washed lips,
And bought and sold
In the land of gold,
 On these, their trips.

They held the sun
 To mark their track;
The eve begun
 Still pointed back;
And the distant land
That shared the wand
 Suffered no lack.

* * * * * *

From the busy mart,
 Where the lake meets rail,
The freights depart
 By their steam or sail;

ALLIED

Through the brooding sea,
Where the light fleets flee,
They court travail.

And the iron horse
As it bears away
On its steel-laid course
The trade of the day,
Joins hand in hand
The Allied Land,
Proud Canada.

CANADIAN LANDMARKS

WAR OF 1812.

How came a clan
Of kindred birth,—
Did e'er you read the story
How man to man
O'er reeking earth,
They raged at war around our hearth,
And all we won was what they lost?
'Twas glory!

Then listen how
Our fathers tell
To all our eager wonder;
How from the plow
To stern repel
The hosts that came our rights to sell,
Their fathers rose, and voiced the land
With thunder.

CANADIAN LANDMARKS

West, South and East,
Embattled might
Hurled headlong on our forces,
And blood like yeast
Foamed leaking tight
From the encampment of the fight;
And war's grim markings strewed the ground
In courses.

But Britain came
And showed a trick
Across the streaming valley;
With horrid flame
In salvos thick,
She did the thing up cool and slick,
For thus she was and yet will be
Our ally.

'Twas first Detroit,
Then Queenston Heights;
They gave the foeman battle;
With tact adroit
And skilful might
They put them bloodily to flight,
And from each hill was heard war's roar
And rattle.

CANADIAN LANDMARKS

But on the sea
The Yankee ships
Went here and there in hurry;
So staunch and free
From head to hips,
With havoc scorching from their lips,
They wrought us harm at every turn,
And worry.

But lo! there came
Another day,
They gave the Yankees roasting;
With horrid flame
From bay to bay
Britain sent out her great array,
And all along the great seaboard
Went coasting.

Of Stoney Creek
And Beaver Dams
The stories are romantic;
Like Greek meet Greek
Uncrowned with palms,
And flavored with those master shams,
Deeds fit for fame across the wild
Atlantic.

CANADIAN LANDMARKS

'Tis Frenchtown tells
Of that fierce strife,
Of loyal arms prevailing;
Sandusky swells
The struggle rife,
Flowing with all that loyal life,
And through the battle-clouds our flag
Went sailing.

Moravian—
Oh, fickle tongue!
Was ever such disaster?
How in the van
In balance hung,
Tecumseh died his braves among,
And fortune listed from our side
The faster.

Of Chrysler's Farm
We well may speak
And grant a little tattle,
Of mighty arm
And grimy cheek
Tanned in the conflict of the Greek;
And loyal pluck upheld the day
In battle.

CANADIAN LANDMARKS

Of Lundy's Lane,
The heart may fill,
The battle fought was clever;
The turmoil plain
All evening still,
With havoc reeking from each hill,
Men fighting their last fight on earth
Forever.

'Twas war by day,
'Twas war by night,
'Twas war by lake and river;
And who may stay
The awful blight
Imprinted there upon the sight,
And all those things that make the homesteads
Quiver!

The Motherland
Now breaking free
Came strong, the conflict seeking;
With subtle bands
Across the sea,
With strides that made oppression flee
She came; then knew the war that she
Was speaking.

CANADIAN LANDMARKS

The useless task
Was thrown aside;
America was speaking;
She doffed the mask,
And far and wide
Said, "Canada, born at my side,
Our gain is peace and not in legions
Reeking."

Long may that peace
Proclaim each day,
A new epoch of learning,
When war shall cease
And fade away,
In one wholesome prosperity;
The Maple Leaf may thus entwine
The Peace Star burning.

* * * * *

Thus Peace has willed
Between the two
A century of growing,
And thus fulfilled
So strong and true,
The homing bands in life and thew;
The kindred blood will thicken to
O'erflowing.

TO QUEBEC

City invincible,
Young Canada's pride!
Thy strange situation
Let no man deride;
Alien power and force
'Gainst thee has been tried,
Then thy high battlements
For us did decide.

Five times were thy ramparts
Compelled to behold
The fierce rising conflict,
The enemy bold;
Each gusty encounter
Enriched thy dark mould,
Each wave of the banner
And smoke that uprolled.

TO QUEBEC

Thy silence is awful
Above heroes' clay,—
Thou ban to disturbers,
But our mighty stay;
Great bastions all mounted
In threat'ning array,
Ball, shell, lying ready,
At "Peace," so they say.

Unlooked for is silence
Of things born to roar;
But thine is majestic,
If feelings will soar
To Wolfe, the Resistless,
Who fell faint and hoar
With thy slain defender,
Ne'er fettered before.

'Twas here that Montgomery
With Wolfe climbed the steep;
But here as a traitor
Requital did reap;
The proud old Sir Phipps
Forlornly assailed,
But quickly to Boston
His ambition trailed.

TO QUEBEC

De Levis, good soldier,
Assailed to the last,
And his no dishonor
To be an outcast;
'Twas here that Sir Kirk
Faced the hot blast,
And held for a season
Such prominence vast.

Years move, and fortune
Hath granted respite,—
Yet still I see visions
Of thee and thy might;
Yes, silence is august,
Of things born to roar;
Superb, lofty, gorgeous
Art thou evermore!

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

O mighty St. Lawrence, river proud, rolling to
the sea,

Thou art a noble relic now of times that used
to be;

The tales of ages thou hast drained are woven
on thy lave:

Oh, yes! they're there, in lines of blue, deep
tided in thy wave:

But since the language is too deep, far, far too
deep for me,

Oh, tell from thy long watch alone, some tales
to read and see;

And when from out the chaos deep those tales of
old are freed,

We'll find, with ancient Gaul and Rome, lore
of our own to read.

* * * * *

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

The forests bespangled the mountains,
And waved o'er the valleys between;
Fair rippled the beautiful fountains,
'Mid mosses of Nature's own green.

Wild flowers sprang up unmolested,
And bloomed with a sweet, lonesome glee;
Their fragrance oft gladly I've tested,
As I raced it down to the sea.

Wide, deep was the fast inland water,
Where the grey wolf oft glutted his thirst,
Yet sluggish where Nature's own cotter,
The beaver, the low banks immersed,

And formed there in watchful seclusion
His water-town, primeval style,
And ever from hateful intrusion
Shunned man and his habits of guile.

The doe led her fawn to the valley,
Rocks, ridges safeguarded the way;
Her kindred were wont there to rally
In the burning hush of the day.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

Lithe forms that glided in feeding;
The panther slid off in fierce awe,
And found a prey more to his pleading,
O'er the which to lash, growl and gnaw.

But what from the thicket! what crashing!
A hurried and startful stampede;
No, they halt, careen their mad dashing,
And to a worse racket give heed.

* * * * *

'Tis a fight! Two moose fight,
How the boughs crack and sway!
To the left, to the right,
Swerves the rough, bloody fray.

How they snort, whiff and snort,
As back they blindly break!
An exhort, mock exhort,
Let each one give and take.

Tossed 'way back, antlers crack,
As fast they feint and spar;
Slyly hack, boldly whack,
Each charge a bruise or scar.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

See around, all around,
Shaggy forms 'mongst the trees,
Not a sound, a slight sound,
Nostrils watch the faint breeze.

Now he gains, see one gains,
How his cruel antlers shake!
Madd'ning brains, reeling brains,
Eyes from which fires quake.

No, not yet, but not yet,
See, he strains, but no use;
Fierce and met, bloody met,
War yet the rival moose.

Oh, how dark, black and dark,
Comes down the summer's night,
And the last glimmering spark
Sees yet the madd'ning fight.

All is still, all is still,
No sound of fight or fray;
O'er the hill, the tall hill,
Looms out the light of day.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

On the ground strewn around,
Loose stones and branches lie;
That red mass, as they pass,
To it rovers now hie.

* * * * *

I've witnessed the rise of a nation,
I have seen her power decay;
Strange men oft have stood at their station,
Strange ensconced in battle array.

Then out sang the primitive battle,
The days of the ravishing feuds;
Afar clanged no thunder and rattle,
When the wood-kings met with their broods.

Oh! see down yon distant glade gliding,
As still as the tiger's lone scent,
In chase of his victims in hiding,
Still forms unto pillage now bent.

* * * * *

A village lay sleeping,
No danger seemed nigh:

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

The squaws, some were reaping
The corn for their keeping;
How balmy the sky!

A few braves were hunting;
But some at the lake
Quite nimbly were punting,
Or skilfully shunting
For fish in the wake.

Ye men of the village
Asleep in the sun,
Sleep, rampage and pillage
Are thine only tillage,
Or triumphs you've won.

The ponies are neighing;
Doomed village, beware!
Quick, child, cease thy playing,
To Manitou praying
Thy small, childish prayer.

A sad truth prevailing,
The Iroquois here,
On all sides assailing,
'Midst carnage and railing
And Huron homes sere.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

'Tis useless to wonder ;
The end of it all
Was carnage and plunder
Besmearingly under
The plunge and the fall.

Yet from their homes scattered,
Full many escaped,
But feeble and shattered,
Most cruelly battered
By Iroquois hate.

But butchered and dying
Their fate was but one,
For many were flying
Cold, hopeless and sighing,
When all feud was done.

* * * * *

There are still other scenes I must mention,
I'm touching on delicate ground ;
A dark maid with absent intention
Sits queenly serene on the mound.

The young chief who musters his tribesmen
And shouts in the thick of the fight,
Stoops, softly to answer, " Yon green glen
Shall know us as one ere the night."

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

The maiden but shyly yet blushes,
If blushes through color may peep,
As she answers, "Through fern-brakes and
rushes,
My will I yet give thee to keep."

* * * * *

The courting days were squandered
Through every known retreat,
Tripping o'er moss and hemlock,
Plucking the posies sweet,

Culling the freshest berries,
Hearing the bear-cub wail,
Talking in that quaint language,
The language of the trail.

And who were near to gossip?
The maples staunch and free,
Nodding their plumes together,
With the weird old pine tree.

With sombre bow and murmur,
The stout oaks gave consent,
And their wild-kept register
Enrolled the pledges blent.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

The honeymoon was lavished
Throughout the woods sublime,
Where uncouth things hold council
Since the first track of time.

Such were the primal courtships
Ere yet the land had gates;
Oh, for the mighty tribesmen
Now cooped in narrow straits!

* * * * *

O mighty St. Lawrence, river proud, still rolling
to the sea,
Since tribes have changed so much since then,
a change is wrought in thee:
A thousand stately ships now on thy bubbling
waters ride,
Where only once the bark canoe adown the
stream did glide;
A thousand stately towns adorn thy rushing,
babbling banks,
Where clustered once the queer wigwams, in ill-
proportioned ranks;
A whiter hand has laid the town, a clearer brow
portrayed
These bulwarks of the grand new age, above the
old arrayed.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

And now I look upon the place where once the
forests waved;
They're not all here, but still the wind that
through their branches raved;
Not long since they have felt the truth, the wood-
man's axe is keen,
Not long since they have shed for aye their leaves
of gayest sheen;
But in their place we see the fields of toppling
heavy corn;
The apples and the luscious pears the orchards
now adorn;
While loud on steel and cedar thunders the rest-
less train,
That crosses wide the river o'er, then scoops the
fertile plain.

See! distant nations praise thee still; great ships
thy commerce take;
They float along, salute thy waves, thy waters
their speed make;
They melt away beyond the ken of endless waters
blue,
To trade in the ports of nations our excess chat-
tels, too;
And when in homes of people, Canadian trade
does fit,

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

Come back in joyous fullness with the golden
wealth of it;

Oh! this land is in all enriched, because thy
course is clear,

And gallant commerce-men still hold Canadian
prospects dear.

No more the toiler builds his home a prison fort-
ress stout;

He dreads no more, in dream of night, the cruel
proowler's shout;

He wakes not up to find himself a prey to frenzied
hate,

His wife and children, too, enrolled with him in
dreadful fate;

He walks not now unto his work, a rifle in his
hands,

Nor reaps his grain, one eye aloof, the other on
the bands;

He goes no more to church with arms concealed
beneath his coat,

Nor armèd sings to God on high, in reverential
note.

The birds must sing a sadder strain for those who
nobly died,

The flowers take a paler hue that bud their
graves beside,

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SCRIBE

Who fell in that long strife for life ere Nature's
rule was cast,
And our young Canada was born, a people that
shall last
Till the bold waves have ceased to fret on wild
Atlantic's brow,
Long sated with the breath of those that fought
her until now,
Where once the *Pinta* gave the news, rousing new
hopes in man,
The outcome of a cherished wish, a long-projected
plan.

So now, O calm St. Lawrence, list, while on thy
rolling race,
One thing there's yet before we leave this dis-
appearing trace;
When roars aloud that breath of health, the wind
from the North-West,
Where roamèd late the Indian brave with feathers
in his crest;
When this proud soil shall feed the swain of
multi-lands afar,
Oh, yield not up thy useful part, in times of peace
or war;
Then sing as rollest thou along, the gale for com-
pany,
"Long prosper this Dominion fair, and keep her
people free."

WITH WOLFE AT QUEBEC

Some things grow old
On being told,
When ancient deeds find not our softer feelings;
And frosty years have stilled the wildest pealings,
Of what was once the common talk and simple;
But this without a blemish, scar, or dimple,
Shines through the epochs, new emotions forming,
And all the hearts of men exultant storming.

A fixed, firm plan
Is hard to ban,
When gallant hosts rejoice in long-felt splendor,
And know to die is better than surrender;
And they, who wending out to battle roaring,
Their martial tramp on land and city soaring,
Swoon in the fulness of expected conquest:
When Gaul and Britain meet, whose is the contest?

WITH WOLFE AT QUEBEC

O! troubled land!

War is at hand,—

Hurrah! Hurrah! the English are assailing;
Strike, Frenchmen, see the first detachments fail-
ing:

And France her pomp and lion strength arraying,
Forestalls her foes, a brave attempt dismaying:
As wild as was the skirmish of the river,
The foemen sprang to death without a quiver.

The Beauport shore,

A milder roar,

A few boats gush out in a line deceiving,
The waning booms the fears of France relieving;
But St. Augustin looks with doubtful glances,
As divers boats the wakeful shore enhances:
Uneasy was Quebec that wild September,
That they who saw her, years on years remember.

'Tis evening now;

Quebec's dark brow

Dawns bold and starry in the rocks that gird her,
As though some lofty passion seized or stirred
her:

Hark! let her shotted guns deal men a warning,
Who seek but pleasure here, may have a mourn-
ing;

WITH WOLFE AT QUEBEC

See! round her bastions hungry smoke is curling:
See! through the ragged mist her flag's unfurling.

Hark! God of war!

Can that dull oar,

Can that faint stirring on the muffled river,

Be more than just the convoy or a quiver?

Can that low chanting tides of triumph carry,

Those shoreward pointed helms, those gestures
wary?

Say, can they into battle notes be springing,

On the two warring nations battle bringing?

THE BALLAD

Yes, priceless truth, I then will speak,

"Old Britain conquers in defeat";

See, up the rugged mountain steal

Wrapped forms the daylight will reveal;

Let no one stop to hiss and say,

"Thieves prey by night!" they'll wait the day;

And now upon the plains they stand,

Unquailing, firm, at Wolfe's command;

And see the morning in its flight,

Prepare its subjects for the fight.

WITH WOLFE AT QUEBEC

“ Oh, Captain! rouse your forces here;”
So gasped a scout, as fast with fear
He stood within brave Montcalm’s tent;
“The English have their forces sent,
And climbed the cliff and gained the plain;
The guard upheld our cause in vain;
I trow there will a fierce fight be
They stand as ships just in from sea,
Moored safely to the sheltered dock,
With, seaward, the black storm and rock.”

Montcalm was brave, whate’er the plight,
Yet scarce believed the news was right:
He leads his men up toward the plains,
As slowly hiding darkness wanes;
The very cocks of morn are dumb
As the wild fife, the martial drum,
Sends through the town a deadly chill,
Where floats the lillied banner still;
And wider now the whisper gains,
“ The English stand upon the plains.”

The English host with hearts aglow
Stands firm to see before them grow
A throng more mighty than their own,
Stern and erect, their van’ out-thrown,

WITH WOLFE AT QUEBEC

Manœuvre out upon the plain
Which soon shall show the battle's stain,
The liliated banner hoisted high;
Then breaks the flame along the sky;
Then loud the battle-cry uprose,
And forward fast the French host goes.

“My men, stand firm!” is Wolfe's command,
The blood-ooze trickling from his hand,
As nearer yet the foemen draw
To feed the war-god's hungry maw;
He sees his brave companions fall,
Face to the foe, breast to the ball;
It was for this they'd waited long,
And now the fight is rolling strong;
Save for the soldiers reeling out,
Firmly they stand without a doubt.

Can patience teach her art, O sprite,
And gird her subjects for the fight,
So when the battle seems nigh lost,
Then comes the time, the mask is tossed,
And flashes to the battle's tune
The crushing truth to men too soon,
That might by over-reached contempt
From speedy triumph is exempt?
The pensive sword her ranks will break,
Pre-eminence her side forsake.

WITH WOLFE AT QUEBEC

“ Aim, men,” said Wolfe, “ the time has come ;”
Beneath the blaze the bloody scum
Drips thick along the verdant plain,
Where Britain fights with might and main ;
The French recoil before that blaze
Like sight before Arcadia’s haze ;
The hungry mist obscures the field ;
Hurrah ! the French begin to yield ;
And louder now the tumult grows,
And faster yet the red blood flows.

But, ah ! the conflict’s not yet o’er ;
Oh, God of war ! Such trampled gore
Around the spot where Montcalm falls
Amidst the men death only stalls ;
Discordant noises shock the day,
And smoky clouds obscure the fray ;
But now the English forward press
To crush the rending, frenzied mess ;
Rise, Frenchmen, if your fame you’d save,
And stand before that mighty wave.

Now moving on the beaten foe,
The gallant Wolfe is stricken low ;
But yet he knows the battle’s won,
He sees his task is nearly done ;
So triumph sought him out a while
To soothe the victor’s dying smile—

WITH WOLFE AT QUEBEC

Still driven back, in fierce delight,—
Pray, sweet French maids, this awful morn;
For those of thine, the babes unborn,—
The English host has won the fight.

But what a sight the nerves to damn,
That day on plains of Abraham;
Ho, Paris! ease thy broken heart,
Let virgin maiden's tear-drops start,
To wail at Hope's abrupt decay;
And London, fling not hope away;
A stronger nation dost thou stand,
Though gone some brightness from the land;
That rich mould on this foreign plain
Shall flood in life to thee again.

* * * * *

Such is the word
No tongue hath heard,
And stilled the throbbing pulse that beat emotion,
As though the graceful keel would be ashamed of
ocean,
With whom she sports each day in glad renewing;
Must we eschew it with no flowers strewing?
So give their faults and follies strict unheeding,
Our happy homes were bought while theirs were
bleeding.

WITH WOLFE AT QUEBEC

'Tis years ago,
Each century's dawn
Has stormed and loosened o'er a truth becoming,
More than each Winter's long and steady strum-
ming:
As now the twofold people walk together,
The warring parents share the common heather;
O joy! that wounds are healed, one banner flying
Above this nation great, the never-dying.

WITH THE CANARY

Hid there within the bush,
I might have missed you,
Had not your merry mate
Sung to assist you;
I peeped and saw the nest
Your care had hidden,—
Saw, too, your anxious twirls
'Round me unbidden.

Fresh from the fields of hay
One day I found you,
Glad with the brooding nest
Where duty bound you;
I peeped and saw the eggs,
Small and so tender,
And heard your warning chirp
From throat so slender.

WITH THE CANARY

Days passed, my searching steps
Led me to find you,
But I came not my way
That I might blind you;
But you flew and I saw
Four mouths food craving;
I felt your frantic sweeps
My presence waiving.

One day from rigid toil
Gladly I sought you,
But found I was too late,—
God must have taught you;
There was the grass-built nest,
The young departed;
For the garnered fields
They must have started.

Down on the stubbly fields,
Weeks since I knew you,
I heard your friendly chirp,
And I ran to you,
But your wings traced the air;
At my close paces
I saw a yellow cloud
Share in your graces.

WITH THE CANARY

Frost has come, wintry winds
Cannot alarm you ;
Gales which chill Northern climes
Can never harm you ;
South, where the rice yet bends,
No clime can bind you ;
There, if I track my way,
I—I may find you.

TO THE KING BIRD

I cannot complain of thy looks,
Though callèd by else in our books,
Thou bird of the field and the woods,
Thou lover of small stolen goods :
The bright sun still shines, and the rain
Is known to the plant once again ;
They bring out the bee and the bird,
Who trembles when thy note is heard

I've heard the wren call, and the jay,
The lark from a covert of hay,
The sparrow's soft twit in the sky,
The robins from out the tall rye ;
For I joy to hear their prelude,
But thy prowling cry seemeth rude ;
Wherever thy harsh voice is known,
Sad havoc and plunder is shown.

TO THE KING BIRD

Could I find you an epithet fit,
I'd name it to thee as I sit;
I saw thy mean work in the grove,
It stirred my sharp anger to rove;
I thought of the thief in the night,—
But thy thieving safety is flight;
Whoever would snare thee, their foe,
Won't find thee asleep as they go.

The snipe is remembered in June,
The blackbird because of his tune;
The kingfisher, too, in his place;
But thee, because thou art base,
Thou bird of the fields and the woods,
Thou lover of small, stolen goods,
Thou scrawl to virtue unknown,
Unless it be greed of thy own.

SUNSET AT RICHARDS' LANDING

O sun! thou gem of the heavens!
That mortals have pictured before!
A veritable orb of beauty,
I see from this water-lapped shore;
New beauties each moment enshroud thee,
New visions each moment enthrill,
As over the tide of St. Marie ye glide,
A-making new pictures at will.

Great ships are seeking the passage,
Superb as they cautiously tread;
They swing to the buoy on the river,
Then follow on as they're led;
Magnetic, with all their lights glowing,
They gather speed for the trip,
And push for the lake where the high billows rake,
To the haven in some distant slip.

SUNSET AT RICHARDS' LANDING

The channel is deep in emotion,
The mainland is pictured in green,
As solemnly 'way to the westward,
Thy gold-ribboned splendors are seen;
Not words, but in looks lies thy glory,
As ye glide behind yon green isle,
And the day's gilded bars greet the onrushing
stars,
And shine by fair Nature's own stile.

TO A CAPTIVE HAWK

I note the panther of thine eye,
That the worst torture can defy,
Without a tremor or a cry,
 Bold captive hawk.

Thy spirit I can read so clear
In that set gaze without a fear,
Which warns me come no farther near,
 Plain as in words.

Then dare I touch? Oh, such insult!
I print thy mind in mad tumult;
Thy will would bring me sad result,
 If matched with acts.

Thy plumage rich is wildly grand,
To match thine eye as sand to sand;
No feather there to reprimand,
 But trimmed and tiled.

TO A CAPTIVE HAWK

Then, too, thy wings and fearful feet,
With that sharp beak, are deadly meet
To render thee in all complete
 A Trojan stout.

Bold hawk, that cord is tightly wound;
If loosed thou soon wouldst skyward bound,
Unconquered as the day I found
 And gripped thee fast.

TO ENGLAND

Great British hearts
Whose depths now hold
Old England and her might,
Thy glory starts
Her mighty folds
When all seems blackest night.

When other states
Forsake thy side,
Then is the joyful time;
In stormy straits
Was bought thy pride—
Now thou art in thy prime.

I cannot think
But that thou'rt right
To quell the foreign hate;
That severed link
Is shining bright
Once broke by Europe's weight.

TO ENGLAND

Should truths defame
Thy works and plans,
I'll leave this strain of mine,
And speak thy name
As one that bans
The gift of verse or rhyme.

Till then I'll sing
Through grief or mirth,
"Long live our noble King,"
And seek to ring
Thy name and worth
Whatever times may bring.

CHARGE OF THE LANCERS

Some sixty rigid Mahdists
Lie bleeding in the khor;
Some twenty haggled Lancers
Shall mount their steeds no more;
The khor was deep and rocky,
Though level to the eye,
When from the British army
The little band spurred nigh.

'Twas how in scouting southward,
The frantic foe was seen;
Adown the cloven ridges
The charge was quick and keen;
The khor was full of foemen—
Wild, frenzied men and strong,
That glint with angry blindness
To work the Lancers wrong.

CHARGE OF THE LANCERS

Straight at the brink of slaughter,
 Sheer to that biting den,
Into the drift of frenzy,
 Burst that grand charge of men;
No halt or plea for quarter,—
 Each arm clove high to slay,
As in heroic madness
 They crowd the naked fray.

Sharp thrusts that snap the life-cords,
 The Dervish aim was true;
Clear flash the ringing great swords
 To carve the fighting few;
But blow for blow returning,
 Meat for the shots they gave,
For each mad foe a Heaven
 After the sickled grave.

Straight on amidst the slaughter,
 Like cleaver through the grain,
Upon the flinty upland
 They rolled in line again;
They rolled in line again, sir,
 Save for the sacrifice
To Egypt's great avenging,
 Where the souls of men arise.

CHARGE OF THE LANCERS

Some sixty rigid Madhists
Will plunder slaves no more;
Of haggled British Lancers
Live men might count a score;
Oh, grant that British homesteads
Will keep the memory green
Of twenty dying soldiers,
And the charge so quick and keen.

JUST A MOUNTIE

He was just a common mountie,
And was out on duty sent;
So he took the trail of danger,
The way that danger went;
With the odds to face he faced them,
For the duty sure was plain;
So he took the trail with calmness,
But he rode not back again.

He was just a common mountie,
Just the man they saw depart,
That upheld our social order—
And a bullet in his heart;
Taking his chance on the wayside,
Not a pal or comrade near
To condole the fleeting moments
With a word of homely cheer.

JUST A MOUNTIE

He was just a common mountie,
Just the plainest of his kind,
Just the man to keep the prairies,
With the law's long arm behind;
Just at times a trifle reckless,
Given to a little lark,—
For the road is of the sternest,—
That stiff call to which they hark.

Not your dusky streak that's yellow,
When the call came "Mount, away!"
But link by link, till mellow
They are forged anew each day;
This was the test reaching greatness,
This was the proof of the tan;
Thus do we seek to give honour,
The courageous e'en, in man.

He was just a common mountie,
But the years made this our brag,
That respect for law and order,
That esteem for the old flag;
Yes, a crime may pass a moment
When you ravish in the dark;
But be sure justice will get you,
For the warrant finds its mark.

JUST A MOUNTIE

Just a spurred and booted mountie,
And he played his little part,
He "passed in" on the prairie
With a bullet in his heart;
But the law will take a vengeance,
Sure, the law will take its toll,
When it hangs the guilty party
And the quick-lime gets the whole.

STICK TO THE FARM

Stick to the farm, boys,
Stick to the farm;
While the corn grows,
While the ground's froze,
Stick to the farm;
Dismiss your proud alarm:
Think not your sunburned arm
Shamed in soiled clothes;
For that man is king,
Ruler of his farm.

Stick to the farm, boys,
Stick to the farm;
When the arm's strong,
And the day's long,
Stick to the farm;
Tell those that pass you by
Holding up their heads high,
They're in the wrong;
You'll be a sturdy man,
Owner of a farm.

STICK TO THE FARM

Stick to the farm, boys,
Stick to the farm;
When the heart's young
Into hope sprung,
Stick to the farm;
Scorn such a thing as sloth
With true, unfeignèd wroth,
Your works among;
Then you will well succeed
On the busy farm.

Stick to the farm, boys,
Stick to the farm;
When the grain's grown
And the bird's flown,
Stick to the farm;
Sound men will not despise;
Great men before your eyes
The farm have known;
So speak out firm with pride
Of the pleasant farm.

LIFE

The spider in the need of prey
 Soon weaves his table deftly fretted;
A fly, upon his aimless way,
 Unmindful, soon becomes hard-netted.

The noble oak, when tall and green,
 Cannot be freely brought to burning;
So starry thoughts may often screen
 Behind a judgment lacking learning.

For like the ant we cannot see
 Into the ruling heights of Heaven,
Where the great everlasting key
 Turns creature life to channels given.

Uncouth life may or may not be;
 In Nature all is wisely driven.

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

There is a lofty tree,—
 I will tell of a tree,
That stood for seasons long,
 The woods and hills among;
The redman's aural song,
 With the spirit charms sung,
Was heard in early Spring,
 When the first efforts come,
And the wild things all sing,
 To cast off brumal hum.

It is the Maple tree,
 The stout, tall Maple tree;
All Winter frozen fast,
 Till the first sun of Spring
Has warmed the woods at last,
 And the rivulets all bring
The green moss out again;
 Then the deer browses nigh,
Then the lofty trees strain,
 As the sap races high.

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

It is a lasting tree,
Yes, and a useful tree;
Standing through Time's long chase,
It saw the Summers haste,
While the red maiden, Grace,
Bloomed into woman chaste
These grand old woods among;
Now in the Hunting Grounds
Her pure and merry tongue
Vibrates the sunny sounds.

Her story is not long
In the far Maple grove;
Old Deerfoot's daughter she;
Each year the tribe came here,
To bleed the Maple tree,
To chase the cream-robed deer;
Days passed and years came on;
Grace grew a handsome maid,
Like the quaint, playful fawn
That in the cedars played.

But in the camp one Spring,
The Huron camp one Spring,
Came sickness strange and long,
Strange spells the people bound;

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

Some witch was in the throng,
Was spread the camp around;
Going to the near strath,
One fled in wild dismay,
A lizard crossed his path,
Ravens croaked by the way.

Then in the hunting-fields,
Once fertile hunting-fields,
No success came this year;
Hunger pressed them very hard;
Some fell beneath the spear,
Long rains the hunts retard;
Fearful screams sounded plain,
Out in the lonesome night,
Like the cries of the slain,
Lost in the steely fight.

So in the sugar grove,
The weird old trees among,
Graves were dug for the dead;
Wrapped in their robes of bark,
Their bravest deeds were said;
Their weapons shared the dark;
So it came all in time,
And yet 'tis hard to say,
Grace, the good, the sublime,
On her couch moaning lay.

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

Yes, in the sugar grove,
The sad old sugar grove,
Grace was soon called away;
Down by the purling stream
A panther screamed at night;
Grace awoke from her dream;
“Strange,” said she, “but my sight
Sees visions none can see;
Weird spirits softly call,
Rare music unsurpassed,
From the old water-fall.

“Down in the deepest grove,
Fast in the deepest grove,
A host await me still,
Screened fast from mortal eyes;
Soon shall this sinking will
Join them beyond the skies;
There I’ll stay, waiting long,
For the bird they’ll release,
Then its last mournful song,
Shall leave me blissful peace.”

Now in the sugar grove,
The mournful sugar grove,
All, all is sad and woe;
Grace may not stem again

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

The daisies sweet and low;
She is free now from pain;
Then in the evening trees,
Grace is borne slow away,
And on the solemn trees,
Long is heard wild dismay.

One morning clear and bright,
In the early Springtime,
O'er the trees birdlike strains
Waited on the wavy air;
Next morn they came again,
From the mound over there;
The third morn going soon,
To the grave in the East,
There a sprig, green like June,
And the joyful sound ceased.

So in the sugar grove,
The sad old sugar grove,
Grew the sprig quickly through,
There in the newly ground;
In a week flowers grew,
Yellow now on the mound;

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

Such the tale, so we find,
Voyageurs love to tell,
Of the flower fair in May,
In every shade and dell.

But came the end at last,
Yes, came the end at last,
The swamp was fresh and dry,
The river's banks were pure;
No rain was in the sky,
Then came the healthy cure;
No wailings for the dead,
No watchings through the night;
The snake its skin had shed,
The crow had taken flight.

There was the lover true,
Dark-skinned, but yet was true,
Who mourned Grace years in vain;
With his keen eagle sight,
His prowess brought him gain,
But no balm for his plight;
Till in a happy whirl,
In the old Hunting-Grounds,
He joined his queenly girl;
The Maples on their mounds.

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

'Tis many moons ago,
Yes, countless moons ago;
The flowers still are grand;
Each year the grove is found
By the same roving band,
And at a certain mound;
Grace was loved by her tribe,
For her rare loving sway;
On a shard they inscribe,
And hide this deep away.

* * * * *

THE SONG OF REMEMBRANCE.

We come; we see the clay above
Thy resting-place;
Oh listen, spirit of our love!
Oh listen, Grace!

'Tis here above thy mossy mound
We mourn alone,
For thee within the silent ground,
When high winds moan.

Because we miss thee in our camp,
We yearly meet

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

To mourn above thy earthy damp,
Lone and discreet.

And though that form we may not see,
That still, sweet face,
Our spirits shall converse with thee
A calm short space.

'Twill give us strength on our long tramp
To know that thou,
Who shared with us both joy and damp,
Art resting now.

In that great land our spirits go,
When we shall sleep;
Though but a call through rocks and snow,
The path is steep.

And hidden that no mortal tread,
May stumble through;
The soul its ashy shell must shed
To reach thereto.

We leave for woods without a track;
Rest thou until
Successive years shall see us back
As mourners still.

* * * * *

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

Then as they turn away,
To the far hills away,
They chant a mournful strain,
Sing once again that name,

In rude uncouth refrain,
"Grace," free from sullied shame;
When danger pressed them hard,
Lest she might be forgot,
Their Prophet and their Bard,
Hid this in a loved spot.

* * * * *

A SONG OF LAMENT.

Dear heart, no more the rippling scaur
Shall print thy feet the flowers pluming,
As its clear echo wand'ring far,
Thy last sweet love-song is illuming.

No more the Autumn trees shall haste
To paint the green woods at thy treading;
But the great woods shall fondly waste
To cast fresh colors for thy bedding.

THE LEGEND OF THE SUGAR GROVE

No more the early fruit will blush
To welcome thee in early morning;
Thy favorite haunts with sorrow hush,
And lose the art of quaint adorning;

The fawn, the plaything of thy glee,
Will wander now to deeper hiding,
And skipping on so brisk and free,
Will wonder still where thou art bidding.

Of thy quick hands we are bereft,
Oft found the pliant rushes braiding;
No maid like thee was half so deft,
In all the different arts of plaiding.

The trail is long, and oft we feel
Aweary on our home returning;
But thou'rt not there to bake the meal,
Or keep the venison from burning.

Then tarry, maid, in thy sweet rest,
To welcome us, for we are coming;
Already in some dusky breast
An arrow speeds with certain humming.

* * * * *

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

The loon that screamed his ghostly call
To the hazy Northern Star,
Oft voiced the midnight message
That urged the chiefs to war;
When he called in dirges sadly,
That was the braves' return;
Sometimes he wailed 'till horror trailed,
And the feelings thrilled to burn.

In the days of reeking tribe feuds,
Once lived an Indian maid,
Whose comrades were the wild things
That in the deep woods played;
She grew up wild and lithesome,
With that scant woodland fear;
She tamed the coon and the weird old loon
Who lived in days austere.

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

One night this maiden met in glee
Her lover at the lake,
And knew no spice of danger,
Within the tangled brake;
Sweet was the uncouth meeting,
In regions undefiled,
In stranger days and stranger ways,
Abysmal, lone and wild.

As surety to their amours,
Arched low a scented spruce;
The cedars with their welcome
Cast cheery fragrance loose;
The dewy-surpliced welkin
Drooped down with rustling sheen;
And all around the whimsy sound
Gurgled in whistling green.

Nearby in leafy banks agog
Was heard a song-bird's note;
Adrift on murky waters
The water-lilies float;
The spectral lake, relenting,
Toyed with the pliant wind,
For time was sweet like this to meet
Each one to her own kind.

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

Strayed from their forest fastness,
On deeds of pillage bent,
A band had scorched and plundered
Till the new moon was spent;
Looting and burning swiftly,
And ever on the go,
Where'er they fled they left their dead
Scalp-marked on the trails below.

Hushed was the stalking lynx-cat,
Her mate forbore to wail,
As silent feet came swiftly down
The long leaf-trodden trail;
No surer came the panther, sly,
Supple with reeking meals,—
Along the track, in the great woods black,
Haunting benighted heels.

Grotesquely o'er the hilltops
Arose a bloody moon,
As wild across the stillness came
The death-cry of the loon;
But in the deep wood's shadows
Fast the destroyers fled,
And left by the lake till broad daylight,
Two bodies stripped and dead.

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

To fetch the withy rushes—
An old squaw stood aghast—
Her toothless head was shaking—
A sight the nerves to blast;
With youthful bounds and gestures
She to the camp returned,
And wailing woke the braves, she spoke
What she alone had learned.

The rude alarm thus given
Called forth a howl of rage;
And at the council gathered
The chief men and their sage;
And when all signs were garnered,
Whereat the foe had flown,
Each to his task went forth unasked,
With all but stifled groan.

In a rock tomb in Northland
At once a grave was made;
Great woods guarded their secret,—
In life, so they were laid;
There they were left to wither
In Nature's crystal bower,
Unsought, alone, in the vast unknown,
To this day and this hour.

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

Long ere the rosy sun-up
The camp with life was filled,
And at the fire roasted
The meat but one day killed;
And when each brave had taken,
Was marshalled for the trail;
With swinging stride fast on they glide
In agonized travail.

We follow three days' sunsets
They witnessed on the track;
Pursued, the weary raiders
Grew hungry from their lack;
No sign of an encounter,
No glimpses of a foe,
They careless grew and the tale to you
Its sequel now doth show.

The night was dark, chilly the dawn,
The embers smouldered low,
When from the gloating tree-trunks
They crept upon the foe;
All evening spied they round them,
Silent upon the sward;
The dogs e'en slept, and the camp was kept
By sleepers all off guard.

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

Creeping in one great circle
Outside the embers light,
At once the signal's given
Of vengeance and of fright;
Whooping in maddened chorus,
To but a cringing wail,
The stars peeped through and saw them do
The justice of the trail.

Dusk throws her robe in sorrow
O'er many a ruthless scene;
Morn cloaks the fiercest struggles
With Mercy's robe of green;
Day sometimes spurns the knowledge
Her pure light shines upon,—
The charge, the fight, the sudden flight,—
The shallow graves at dawn.

Taunting the stoic captive,
Lone victim of their ire,
Doomed to a dreadful torture,
The slow ordeal of fire;
The warriors sought their village
To boast how scalps were won,
And tell this tale of the midnight trail,
Till the coming of the sun.

A LEGEND OF THE LOON

The campfires gleam and glisten,
Feasting a motley throng;
With speeches and with dancing,
They burst in bestial song;
And as they vaunt their prowess,
Sated with trophies carried,
They talk of the foe in the after-glow,
Destroyed, pursued and harried.

The camp fires smoke and flicker,
Then one by one smudge low;
The braves to torpid slumber
Most drowsily now go;
And in their dreamland glimmers
They forage to the fray;
But sleep their bloody orgies deep
Till ambles in the day.

So still there comes the lonely call
When the waves creep to the moon,
And the shadows grow and linger,
The cry of the ghostly loon;
And as his wildness rages
'Tween the storm-king's frothy rifts,
In farewell note from frenzied throat,
Forever on he drifts.

WHO OR WHICH?

Two people went to the gleaming world,
A man and a woman fair;
They went by the yawning track of youth,
By the calloused call's thin blare;
But an evil genius followed them,
And they heard its fervid flare.

The man as a man to business went,
Was honored one and all;
His little failings were forgot,
Such was his gloried call;
But the man by day was a cur by night,
Who whelps to a woman's fall.

He plied amain his loathful trade,
With a magnetic fire;
He chained, alas, the winsome lass
Free from the smudgy mire;
And 'neath the tainting of the skies
She felt the asp's desire.

WHO OR WHICH?

The horror of the brazen thing
Found not remorse in him;
The wretched misery of a heart
But fed his sordid vim;
The wistful, adder-bitten heart
His own heart made more grim.

And thus she went to her seething shame,
Through a lover's untrothed tilt,
With the fallacy of the cruel thing,
At the sin that others spilt;
And her sparkling trust was turned to dust,
With the knowledge of her guilt.

And thus she flared a scarlet wound,
Marked with a guilty seal;
And the scornful finger hardened her
And the stain it would not heal;
And oft she writhed in wincing pain
As but the accursed feel.

Perhaps in the realms infinite
That Mercy understood
And shrived the erring changeling,
Not as she was, but would;
And washed the brand from her forehead
And the taint made sweet and good.

WHO OR WHICH ?

Thus the burning heart found incense,
And the aching eyes found light
In the realms just and golden,
From the jeering crowd's mad flight,
From the naked shame of their wildness,
And the guilt that cries all night.

* * * * *

Broadcast along the city streets
The naked red lights thrive;
They call them to the skirmish,—
The glut of many a dive,—
The flashy knave and the liquor slave,
Scorched in the gilded hive.

They hide their name behind their shame,
Their shame behind the grave;
For some are never seen again,
Save in the horrid rave;
Some are so bold, some uncontrolled,
But all steeped in the lave.

So men are still the prompting ones
That take their sated toll
From a woman's rash undoing
And waste her trustful soul,
And bind her life to fetid shame,
Beneath her uncontrol.

WHO OR WHICH ?

Yet some are natural hussies
Of vileness all the butt;
They harp about the gleanings,
The voice of all the smut;
They poison there the very air,
They pimp, they coax, they strut.

Who jade them to the baiting?
Take note, O mocking fool!
Within your moral household,
Some model, fondling tool—
From sweetness to the blaring,
With the blatant blend, the goal.

* * * * *

Who was the really sinful one,
The most accursed of Heaven,—
The one who groped her way so wronged,
Or the man of the world unshriven,
Who trod his way accused of God,
Unholy and unforgiven?

Think of this charge, you mummers,
Think on, O biting crew!
This public accusation,
It is addressed to you,—
To you that pilfer honor
And steep the dreadful brew!

TO HELLAS

O ancient Greece!
Across your peace
Is Moslem strength arraying;
The prize to take
Do not forsake,
Though troubles are dismaying.

Sextuple force
From foreign source
Your ancient rights coercing,
Would from thee steal
In selfish zeal
Subjection's rights reversing.

To you the right,
To them affright,
Unless they soon are yielding;
Lead proudly out,
Midst roar and rout,
The weak your faith is shielding.

TO HELLAS

Oh! must we see
Thermopylæ
Anew in truth appearing?
Yes, noble Greek!
One wish I seek—
Lead in the crisis nearing.

When strife is done,
When parked the gun,
When no more hearts are bleeding,—
Your sons shall meet,
Old heroes greet
In bliss where right is leading.

So farewell Greece!
May sweet release
Soon take the place of warring,
With none to slight
The bark of right,
Its proper courses marring.

AN IDEAL

Let those whose minds are fed on books,
 Surprise us with their learning;
I read within wild spots and nooks,
 The scroll for which I'm burning.

The hand may play the proper tune,
 In strains sublime and thrilling;
How few for soothing seek so soon,
 The wilds, enthralled and willing.

Go thou and seek thy oratory,
 From one who clamors loudly;
I hear it in the trees, the sea,
 And harken to it proudly.

